



They Say.

Friends in distress should never be deserted.

Because your friends cannot help you don't turn your backs on them.

True friendship is found in those who never tire.

Don't imagine because you are doing well that you don't need your friends.

Sometimes we lose our friends by our indifference.

Suspicious persons often say unwise things.

The rail roads made a mint of money from the Young People's Congress.

Had the same delegates been asked to contribute the same amount they spent on the rail roads, to some industrial institution they would have refused.

A lot of wind and cheap speeches are often exploded in these meetings.

Retribution often comes to those who do wrong.

Deception is often found in those who are treacherous.

Speak the truth always it will pay.

Don't allow yourself to be used to your own disadvantage.

The great man will never stoop to small things.

What is the result of the Christian Congress?

It resolved that the best thing for the negro is industrial training.

Don't get disturbed when you are in the right.

Speak the truth always it in the long run.

Don't desert your best friend.

When men do you a harm beware that you guard against them in the future.

Some people would do you an injury if they could.

It is so strange that some people cannot tell when they are not wanted.

The District of Columbia will have two representative men in the next National Republican Convention.

Don't worry yourself about other people's troubles.

This is an age in which intelligence must show itself.

Do your duty and then you will be blessed.

The most refined man in the world is the man who can respect himself.

Read The Bee if you want a live paper.

Nothing succeeds like success.

The man who cannot tell the truth is a dangerous man.

Never desert your friends when he is in trouble.

Harry West of the Post is the new Commissioner.

Why should not the negro be represented on the board of Commissioners.

Read The Bee if you want a live paper.

Keen Observation.
"Do you know anything about the people who have moved next door?" she inquired.

"Not much," he answered; "except that their honeymoon is not yet over."

"How did you find that out?"

"By observing. It was raining when he came home this evening, but she did not make him stop at the front door to wipe his feet."—Washington Star.

What He Would Need.
"My friend," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?"
"A rubber neck!" shouted the precocious urchin in the rear of the room.
—Tit-Bits.

GOT HIS LINE BACK.

And the Ten-Pound Trout He Lost with It Had Caught Two Other Heavy Trout.

Charles Genther, of the Corning glass works, Corning, N. Y., while fishing near Bluff Point on Lake Keuka, lost his line and a lake trout that was on one of the branches of the line. There were three branches on the line. From what he saw of the trout he judged it weighed ten pounds.

The next day Ben Reno was fishing near Bluff Point. He hooked a trout, and while landing it noticed a second hook in its mouth with a line trailing from it.

Pulling at that line, he found that there was a trout at the end of it. He



HE LOST HIS LINE.

landed the second trout, and found that there was still another line out. Pulling at that line, he was again surprised for there was a trout fast to it. This last fish gave him a lively fight before he landed it.

The landing of the three trout brought to light a fishline with three branches on it that some one had lost. Genther went up to the lake when he heard of it and identified the line as his. He couldn't swear to the biggest trout as the one that had stolen his line, but it was on the branch on which he had hooked his trout, and it weighed ten pounds. He got it. The other two trout weighed eight pounds each.

The big trout fast on Genther's line had drawn the branch trolls through the water, and the other two trout had each seized one and been hooked. Then the big trout was unwise enough, with the Genther hook still in its jaw, to strike at Ben Reno's troll and get that hook in its jaw also, with the subsequent disaster to itself and the two trout that were fast on the other hooks.

TARRED BRIDGE COPING.

New Jersey Lovers Will Lynch the Man Who Did It, Provided They Ever Catch Him.

There is much indignation among the young residents of the Morris neighborhood section of Bloomfield, N. J., over the work of a practical joker who poured tar all along the coping of the stone bridge over the Yantacaw river, at Franklin avenue, near Broad street.

The bridge is a favorite trysting place for young people. The other night the bridge was filled with young



TAR HAD DONE ITS WORK.

women and their escorts. All went well until one of the couples thought they would like some ice cream. As the young man attempted to jump from the coping he found the tar had done its work. His companion, too, was in the same fix. Most of the other couples had similar experiences, and a crowd gathered and gazed.

The bridge presented a curious appearance late in the evening with its bits of feminine and masculine attire stuck here and there.

Tramps Frightened by Ghost.
"Mud island," on the Connellsville (Pa.) side of the Youghiogheny river, is forever deserted as a tramp's resort. For many years it has been known as a popular stopping place for them. A month ago Nathan Shaw, an army veteran, committed suicide among the green bushes of the island by shooting himself through the temple. Shaw was well known to the tramps, who now say that he visits them from the spirit world. Wild cries have been heard on the island at night; pale, weird lights flit silently through the bushes and the whole place has an uncanny atmosphere.

Smallest Man in America.
The smallest man in the world is Maj. Gantz, of Fairfield, Ia. His age is 36 years, he weighs 30 pounds and is 18 inches in height. His parents reside in Fairfield, and are of average stature.

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PETRIFIED BY SALT.

Man and His Burro Met the Fate of Lot's Wife.

Unhappy Adventure of a Party of Mining Prospectors in the Colorado Desert—Sight That Made Them Tremble.

George H. Tucker, a mining prospector who has just returned from a trip through the Mojave and Colorado deserts, tells a remarkable story of the discovery of a petrified man and burro in one of the large salt fields that abound there. He told the story as follows to a Pittsburg Gazette correspondent:

"One of the most desolate places in the Colorado desert is 32 miles south-east of Danby. Here is a large deposit of rock salt 15 miles in length and from 1½ to 3 miles in width. There is not a spear of grass or any kind of vegetation.

"Some ten years ago an effort was made to bring this immense deposit of salt into commercial use. Two railroads were built to connect the rock quarries with the Santa Fe. It was found necessary to build a house in the middle of the deposit, and for this purpose enough blocks of rock salt were cut to build a shanty 14 by 20 feet in dimensions. A flooring and roof composed of the peculiar kind of earth that exists in that vicinity completed the building. This salt house, or, as the Mexicans called it, 'La Casa del Sal,' was used for the purpose for which it was erected. But in a short time the salt mining operations were discontinued, and the salt house was abandoned to the coyote and desert owl.

"For at least seven years before we visited this building, about a month ago, it had not been inhabited, and probably very seldom seen by anyone. During the summer months in this locality fine saline dust is blown in great clouds through the desert. The heat is almost unbearable. What was



A SANDSTORM BLEW UP.

ter is found is undrinkable, and woe to the prospector who finds himself in this section with an empty canteen.

"During the summer of 1900 a Swede named Johnson, who had been prospecting in the vicinity, started to cross this dry lake of salt to Old Woman's Springs. When nearly half way across a terrible sandstorm blew up. He trudged on until he came to the salt house, where he and his burro sought shelter.

"Under the eaves of the house he found a number of galvanized tanks, partly filled with rain water. He considered this a lucky find, for his canteen was almost empty. He drank his fill of the water he found and permitted his burro to do the same.

"The night was cold and the storm continued. He determined to camp in the hut over night. The dead embers of the fire were still to be seen when we visited the place, evidencing the unusual severity of the weather.

"When we opened the door to this desolate shack we were horrified at seeing what seemed to be a marble statue lying on the floor. The head was of alabaster whiteness, the hair and whiskers having fallen away. The body was outlined under a thin blanket.

"The sight was so uncanny that we hesitated to remove the blanket, but finally mustered enough courage to do so. The body had undergone a singular transformation, being nothing less than complete petrification. The substance was of a nature of gypsum, very friable and pure white in color. The outline of the body was perfect.

"The darkness of the interior at first prevented us from seeing the burro, which was standing in one corner. One of our party advanced and laid his hand on the animal, when it fell over against him. The burro had undergone the same transformation as its master. The body of the man was given a decent burial near the house, and the burro will be sent to the Smithsonian institution.

"The explanation of this strange phenomenon is to be found in the kind of water that was drunk by the man and the burro and in the kind of earth that composed the roof and floor of the salt habitation. The water is heavily charged with chloride of sodium. The earth that had been used for the roofing contained chemicals which were taken in solution by the rain water as it dripped through into the galvanized tanks.

"After drinking freely of this water the man and his beast had evidently frozen to death and were gradually petrified."

SNAKES TERRORIZE TOWN.

Raid on a Patent Medicine Man Arouses His Ire and Leads to Dire Results.

A Chicago Inter Ocean correspondent reports that for three days Wynnewood, I. T., has been in a session of a band of 50 snakes and their owner, Charles M. Kiser. The town officers were forced to leave the place, and the storekeepers and everyone else were forced to flee.

The other day C. M. Kiser arrived in Wynnewood with 50 of the finest trained reptiles ever handled together in a fake medicine show. Kiser did a good business for two days, when it



WHEN THE JAILER CAME IN

was discovered that he was circulating improper literature among the youngsters of Wynnewood. Then the officers raided his tent and destroyed most of the scenery, among which was a fine moving picture machine.

This enraged the snake charmer and he proceeded to get drunk, likewise he intoxicated some of his followers, and then they turned on the town. He went at once to the jail, a small wooden affair. He ordered the turnkey, Willie Bobs, to give up the keys to the inner cells. Bobs refused.

"I will turn Bill and Jim upon you if you don't give me those keys at once," said the charmer of reptiles, at the same time calling out the two reptiles, which wriggled up to him. The jailer saw the turn of affairs and gave in.

The following day the snake charmer led his little band of snakes around to several of the different stores and ordered the storekeepers to hand out such things as he and his companions wanted. They dressed themselves in new suits of clothing, with new hats, and ate and drank until they fell asleep, then they were arrested.

DUELS OF CHILDREN.

Peculiar Epidemic Which Is Spreading the Parents and Authorities of Germany.

German public opinion has been a good deal staggered by an epidemic of dueling among juveniles.

Two youths, aged 14, recently fought a bloody battle in Zimmern, near Erfurt. One of them, offended that his friend paid too much attention to a schoolgirl, aged 13, challenged him to a duel with pistols. At the first exchange of shots a bullet grazed the neck of one of the duels. At the second a bullet penetrated the breast of the challenger, who fell.



ON THE FIELD OF "HONOR"

conscious, and, it is feared, mortally wounded.

A still more shocking case happened near Chemnitz, in Saxony, where two lads of 17 and 16 years named Hermann and Krailing fought about a pretty waitress in a coffee house. Krailing fell badly hurt in the thigh, but while lying on the ground he discharged his revolver at his antagonist, his luck piercing Hermann's right shoulder.

The Minister Was Sensitive.

It happened in a New Jersey town several years ago. There was a casino, a newspaper, a handsome church and numerous lovely women whose husbands were commuters. Said one of the latter: "We have reason to be proud of one thing—we can safely trust our minister. There is not a family skeleton in any closet in —. Not every community can say that." Another, less emotional, replied: "I'm not so sure of that. He's a good looking chap and impressive." "Have you any suggestions?" "Not of a definite character. But we can test his nerve by inserting a notice in the paper like this: 'All is known; fly at once!'"

Accordingly the notice was inserted, in big type, in a conspicuous column, and the minister immediately disappeared. True story, as the London Family Herald would say.